

The Western

April, 1916

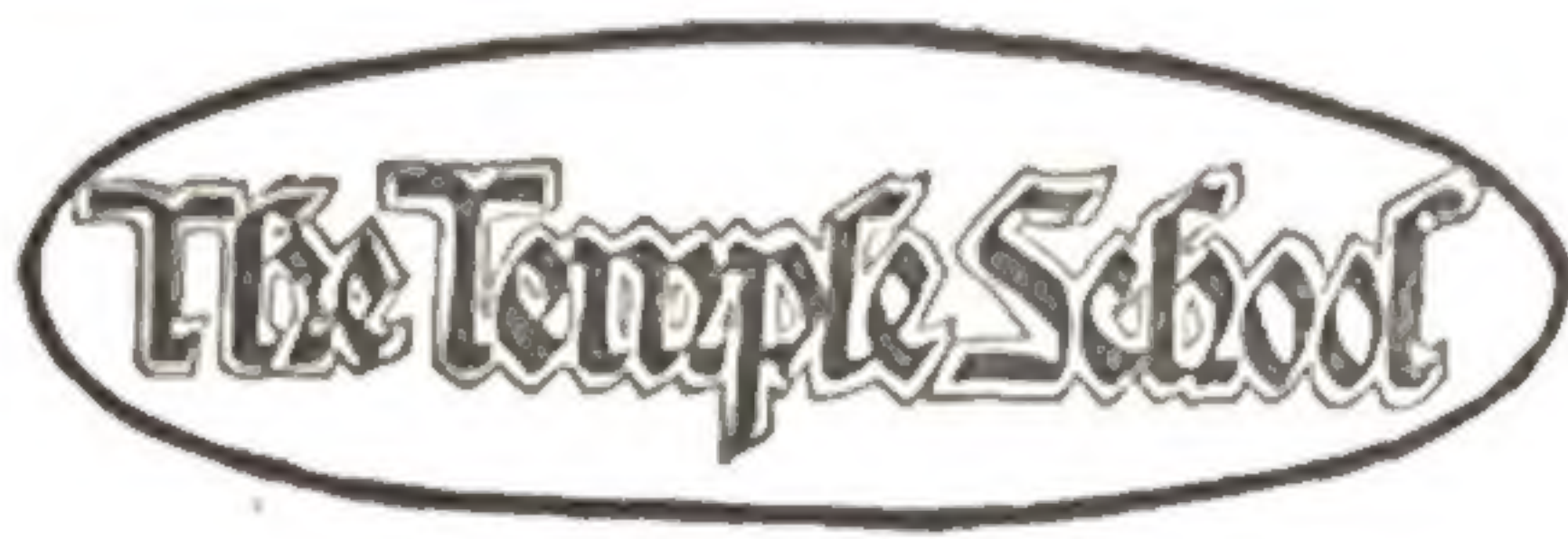


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The Western

THE WESTERN is a magazine devoted to the interest of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and may be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager. Subscription, 60 cents per school year. By mail, 75 cents. Single copies 10 cents. Advertising rates furnished on application to the Business Manager.



THE WEIGHT OF THE PURPLE

Olive A. Reynolds.

"Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Count Boris Groudsinska, returning to Petersburg after a six month's stay in Moscow, dismounted before the Winter Palace, showed a signet ring to the guards, and was allowed to enter. After a moment's delay he was admitted to the presence of Alexander I, a tall, finely made man who showed, in his bearing of calm dignity, in his quiet smile, and in the simple gesture of welcome with which he extended his hand, a striking example of the characteristics by which he won the love of all Russia, and the passionate devotion of Boris Groudsinska.

For more than an hour they talked, while in the hall outside the Duke Naikolai, the Emperor's youngest brother, waited impatiently, and swore alternately at the guards at the door, and at the staff officers who followed him.

When Boris reached home he found a weary-looking aide-de-camp holding two restless horses, and as he entered the house he met a man whom he

easily recognized, in spite of the enveloping cloak. He stepped aside and saluted. The visitor paused and half turned; then evidently changing his mind, he bowed slightly, and walked on. Boris watched him mount and ride away; then he entered the house, and turned toward the rooms of his sister, with whom he lived alone.

Her reception room was empty, and after a moment's hesitation he drew aside the curtains before one of those oratories so often found in Russian homes. Olga Groudsinska was kneeling before a crucifix, her hot tears falling on the picture she held, her head bowed, her shoulders shaking with her sobs. Boris took one look at the picture, and retired noiselessly, his own eyes filled with tears, his heart with pity for the sister he adored. For the picture was that of the man he had seen leave the house, the Grand Duke Konstantine, brother of the Tzar, and heir to the Russian throne.

That evening Boris met his sister on the stairway. She was dressed to receive guests, and her eyes showed no traces of tears. He put his arms around her, and looked down into the troubled face that was raised to his.

"You love him, batinka?" he asked softly.

"With all my heart and life and soul," she answered passionately, "and I am doomed to love him all my life, to pray for him by day, to dream of him at night, and, when I meet him, to prevent him from saying the things I long to hear!"

"You speak hopelessly, batinka."

"And have I not a right to be hopeless? He will some day be Tzar, and I, I am not of royal birth."

"Katherine I was born a slave. But granting that you could not be Tzarina, would you accept his left hand, since he can not offer you his right?"

Olga flung her brother from her with a force that sent him against the railing of the stair. She drew

herself up haughtily, and her dark eyes flashed.

"Left hand!" she cried furiously, "Do you dare to speak to me, your sister, of morganantic marriage? By Heaven, if Konstantine said that to me I would—"

"Take care, Olga! No treason."

She passed him a scornful glance, and went down into the hall to greet the guests who had begun to arrive, and Boris reluctantly followed her. Russians keep late hours, and it was nearly morning when the young host and hostess finally retired, the latter to dream of a young man with smiling gray eyes, the former to spend a sleepless night, thinking of the letters he had brought from Moscow, and of certain words of the Tzar Alexander.

Born on the day of the Emperor's coronation, the son of a court-favorite who lost his life in the battle at Mohilev, he had been drawn more or less into contact with a sovereign whose one fault was his wild idealism, which, though it endeared him to his people, did little toward fitting him to govern his Empire. Boris had been at Warsaw, when, on June 21, 1815, the cannon had announced the restoration of Poland, and proclaimed Alexander King. He had been on the plain of Vola, when the Polish army, 300,000 strong, swore allegiance to the new monarch and knelt to receive his blessing. He had seen the first appearance of the new standard, on which the arms of Poland were wedded to those of Russia. With the Tzar's army he had retreated across the white plains, on that memorable night, when a red glow in the west showed that Count Rostopchine was fulfilling his trust, and that Moscow was in flames. Later he had seen the victorious return from Prussia, after the destruction of the Grand Army, and had heard the Tzar acclaimed the "Saviour of Russia." From childhood up, Alexander had been his ideal, first as an absolute monarch, champion of the Christian faith, later as the possessor of the three great Russian characteristics, idealism, tenderness, and the willingness to forgive.

While he was still a child, the Tzar had learned to trust him, and now, in his twenty-third year, he held secrets that would have roused the Empire, and precipitated the threatening war with England and France. The letters from Moscow troubled him. They seemed to indicate a final effort on the part of Alexander, to straighten out the troubles and misunderstandings that had tortured his Empire,

and wrecked his life. Few besides Boris realized his suffering, for the rest were deceived by the quick smile and ready word, that shielded a tired and aching heart.

Boris spent the following day with his books, for learning had made great progress in Russian during that reign, and the noblemen, following the example of their Emperor, were beginning to study, either from policy, or, like Boris, from inclination.

During the evening he received the one command that was always welcome, and reached the Winter Palace in less than a quarter of an hour. The Tzar, whom he found alone with the Grand Duke Konstantine, handed him a paper, with the command,

"Read it, and sign as a witness. Then forget it until the time of my death."

It was a proclamation, signed by Konstantine, and countersigned by Alexander, in which the former in order to marry as he wished, resigned all claim to the throne, and transferred the succession to Naikolai. When Boris had signed it, it was placed in a sealed casket, and carefully hidden, to be kept secret, even from the man it most concerned.

Then the younger of the brothers left the room, returning with Olga Groudsinska. She knelt before the Tzar, who created her Princess Lovicz, and under this title she was married the next day, with the fullest rites, to the Grand Duke Konstantine.

Naikolai went into the west, to his beloved army. Konstantine took his wife to Warsaw for he had been made Viceroy of Poland, and he ruled that unfortunate country with a severity that undid most of the good his brother had accomplished. Alexander remained in Petersburg, and sent Boris again and again into distant parts of the Empire, on expeditions that lasted for months at a time.

Returning from one of these that had led him south to Taganrog, he was informed that his services would not be needed again for some time. He went to Warsaw, where his sister received him with such preoccupied affection, that, realizing that her husband and children had taken his place, he fled back to Petersburg, and buried himself among his books. But for once, they failed to interest him. He knew, or suspected, too much for his peace of mind, and could not keep his thoughts on his studies. He haunted, with a perseverance that did him credit, the immense gardens and parks around the Imperial palace at Tzarkoe

Selo, satisfied if he caught a glimpse of the man who filled the place in his heart that no woman had ever come to take.

At last the Emperor sent for him, and said:

"I am going to Taganrog for a few months. You must remain here, where you will probably be needed. My brother Naikolai is returning to the city, and you will take a place on his staff; here is the order."

Boris realized for the first time, the change that the past year had made, as his eyes fell on the thin, white hand that gave him the paper. The Tzar followed his glance, and smiled.

"It does not look like the hand that drew sword against the Grand Army," he said, "but who knows? It may yet improve."

His farewell was more prolonged than seemed justified by the expected separation of a few months, and the suspicion in Boris' mind grew into almost a certainty.

The period that followed was the most unhappy of Boris' life. Alexander had been the friend and confidant of his staff; Naikolai was neither the one nor the other. Even his children found in him only a stern and impartial judge. His presence inspired profound respect, not unmingled with fear, but few who knew him personally felt any affection for him. Boris, thinking of the hidden proclamation, and viewing him in the light of a perspective sovereign for a troublesome Empire, approved theoretically, while in practice he kept his distance, and, wounded by the abrupt austerity of his new chief, was glad when he was sent to Moscow to hunt for a party of nihilists.

Then suddenly news was spread through Russia that Alexander I was dead. Had Boris been in Petersburg at that time, many lives would have been saved, but he was in Moscow, striving to keep his mind on his work, while his heart was far away in Taganrog. By the time he returned, short as had been the time used in the journey, many things had happened. Naikolai, in Petersburg, had sworn allegiance to Konstantine. Konstantine, in Warsaw, took the oath to Naikolai. Each one, thinking that the other had assumed control, waited for orders before taking steps against the trouble that began to come up on all sides.

After Boris' return, the proclamation was published, but many thought it a trick, and all eastern Russia rose in revolt. Naikolai still maintained

(Continued on page 19)

"THE VELVET KIND" - Only One Grade - Always the Same



COOLC

EDITORIALS

The Shakespearian Pageant

As April twenty-third of this year will be the three-hundredth anniversary of the death of Shakespeare, there will be a nation-wide commemoration of this event by folk dances, plays, and pageants. To voice their appreciation of this great writer for all time, the Washington high schools will give a combination of all three by presenting folk dances and bits of plays all in one big pageant.

The plan is to have each of the five high schools present one or more scenes from the most representative of Shakespeare's plays. These scenes will be presented before her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, who, surrounded by her maids-of-honor and courtiers, is to be enthroned before the actors.

To join the otherwise unrelated scenes from the different plays, Miss Sarah E. Simons, of Central, has written connecting links which will make it possible for the audience to follow.

Western's share in the program is to present again the entire last scene from *Mid-summer Night's Dream*. Some of the schools are to give two scenes, but our scene is so long that it, by itself, takes up the twenty minutes allotted to each school. Then,

too, Queen Elizabeth, some of her maids of honor and many of the participants in the folk dances have been chosen from Western students.

Mr. Devitt has cleared us of the charge of apathy, lack of understanding, and lack of appreciation for Shakespeare, so now, by showing interest in this spring pageant we can prove ourselves not guilty.

Senior's Conduct

On Tuesday, April the tenth, Mr. Lyon gave the senior class a delightful lecture on *The Ethics of Journalism*. Those who listened enjoyed it and were benefited by it, but several of the audience apparently preferred to do the talking themselves. Unfortunately this is a rather usual occurrence. Seniors in high school should begin to realize that they are almost men and women, and they should endeavor to cultivate a reasonable amount of dignity. Laughing and talking in assembly is an excusable failing in a freshman but should we with four years' greater development be satisfied to be in the same category with little children? Hereafter let us all try to express due appreciation of speakers who are under no obliga-

tions whatever to us by keeping a respectful silence while they are speaking.

The Senior's Influence

It is well known that we all have influence, some of us more and some of us less; some for good and some for evil, while many have the power for either or both. The latter statement seems particularly adapted to the case of the upper and lower classmen.

The upper class men are always more or less revered and looked up to by the sophomores as well as by the freshmen. The seniors always seem so knowing, and even if they are not as wise as they appear they have such a wonderful way of concealing the fact and of making an impression of profound wisdom on their younger classmates. Then, too, the seniors are always so busy; they rush from one room to another, they have so many things to tend to, so many strange looking books under their arms and read from sheets of queerly written papers. It is the seniors who are at the head of most of the school organizations; the cadets, the dramatic society and all branches of athletics. The senior boy or girl is, in every pos-

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sible instance, made the head. He is the one who, when there are talks to be given by the pupils, makes the speech. All these characteristics of the senior do impress and affect the first and second years. The seniors are, therefore, naturally, the models by which the lower classes form their school habits.

These habits which are formed by the younger students are really very serious things and as they are founded for a great part on the actions and words of the members of the graduating class, their behavior is consequently of great importance. It is in this way that the tone of the school is estimated and the general reputation of the scholars formed. The seniors who drops a bag behind the door or slides an apple core in the corner, is constantly being watched and imitated. The girl who runs, screaming down the hall, or the boy who is rough and rude has many pairs of eyes fastened on him, whose owners are ready to copy their elders' actions.

In the same way, if rough or slangy language is used among the seniors, it is sure to make a lasting impression on the younger students. Then when the opportunity presents itself for them to use the same expressions, they nearly always do, thinking "Well, it is all right for I heard so and so say that and he is in the fourth year."

Another important instance of a seniors' being imitated is during recitation or exams. The fourth year student who does just that little thing which brands him as not to be depended on, has his actions noted by his fellows and often when the weakness of the younger boy is utmost, the remembrance of the older boys' action, influences him to copy his deed. This first time is the seed, but it too often fastens itself to our weaker nature and there flourishes. These statements seem like the product of a vivid imagination. Unfortunately they are not, but, on the contrary, founded on sad truth.

So it is seen that the seniors wield this mighty hammer of influence. It strikes on two sides, either to injure or to heal.

The senior boys and girls, by courteous manners, pleasant countenances and frank yet dignified actions have power enough to show their underclass men the aim of school life at Western and to help them on the straight open road that leads to it.

From the Military Training Camps Association

Thousands of high school and college men from all parts of the United States are enrolling for the military training camps, this summer. Ninety per cent of the two thousand men enrolled in the training camps at Plattsburg, N. Y., last year, were college men. There will be at least seven camps this year with an estimated attendance of 30,000 men. High school seniors are eligible.

The students' camp idea originated with the camp at Gettysburg, in 1913. This year, the student camp movement has become merged with the larger "Plattsburg idea," represented by the Military Training Camps Association of the United States, with headquarters at 31 Nassau Street, New York City.

The association is now receiving enrollments from high school seniors all over the country and sending out information concerning the different camps.

The Camps supply an ideal five weeks outing, pleasurable and beneficial, and the instruction, drill, cavalry exercises, field maneuvers, field surveying and field work generally in the continuous five weeks' training afford a clear insight into military matters. In addition to this regular work, ample time is provided for recreation and rest. The students attending are under careful oversight and excellence of food, sanitation and medical care is maintained.

Students pay only \$22.50 for mess for the entire four or five weeks' camp period. They make a deposit of \$5.00 to cover loss or damage to government property, but this deposit is returned if there is no loss or damage to cover. About ten dollars is required for the uniform and personal equipment. Other expenses of the camps, such as the supplying of tentage, blankets, cots, pillows, mattresses, ponchos, sweaters and ordnance, including field equipment, are met by the government.

Peace

Mary Collins Sherman, '16.

I walked along a quiet lane,
And prayed that earthly struggles
• cease.
Sweet music rose like a refrain,
Birds, brooks, and breezes, whispered "peace."

THE WESTERN STAFF 1915-1916

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Dame Nature was at work that day,
And all the earth was stirred to life.
I walked along that wooded way,
And thought with fear, on worldly strife.

The buds were bursting into green,
The violets peeping through the mould,
The blue sky through bare branches seen,
A world of promise seemed to hold.

God lends His earth that we may live
Until He calls us home again,
His blessings does He freely give,
And we should love our fellowmen.

"THE VELVET KIND"

LANGUAGE PAGE

Une Réponse.

13, Mars, 1916.

Louise Cotter.

Une mère avec sa fille attendait son marl bien tard un soir.

"Maman," demanda l'enfant, "est-ce que tous les contes de fées commencent par: 'Une fois.'"

"Pas toujours," répondit sa mère.

"Quelquefois ils commencent par: 'J'ai été détenu à mon bureau.'"

"Chaque fois que l'enfant me regarde il rit," dit Monsieur Meekin.

"Eh bien," répondit sa femme, "il n'est pas poli mais il a de humeur."

Où est le chat?

Un jour la domestique brula quatre livres de viande. Quand sa maîtresse dit "Où est la viande que j'ai achetée pour dîner?"

Bridget répondet: "Oh! Le chat l'a volée."

Pius Madame F. pesa le chat et trouva qu'il pesait précisément quatre livres.

"Eh bien Bridget," s'écria-t-elle, "voici la viande mais où est le chat?"

Les deux gâteaux.

"Marie," dit la mère sévèrement, "il y avait deux gâteaux dans la boîte ce matin et maintenant il n'y en a qu'un. Comment cela se fait il?"

"Je ne sais pas," dit la petite "c'était sans doute l'obscurité qui m'a empêchée de voir l'autre."

Le docteur et son malade.

Le docteur—Mais oui, je vous autorise un bifsteck on une aile de volaille.

Le malade—Merci ---- un dermer mot, docteur, ---- la viande est si chère, ne pourriez-vous pas la défendre à ma femme, aux enfants et à la cuisinierê?

Impossible de Trouver la Tranquilité Absolue.

Une vieille dame allait un jour chercher une pension tranquille. Arrivée à une maison dans une rue éloignée elle aperçut l'enseigne: "Edouard Jolivet, Maître de Piano."

"Vous avez un musicien dans la maison," dit-elle à l'hotesse. "Cela sera très désagréable."

"Mais non," répondit l'hotesse gaiement. "Le professeur a douze enfants qui font tant de bruit qu'on ne peut pas entenchre le piano."

"En ce cas, j'irai trouver une pension où je puis entendre le piano," répliqua la dame.

Quelle est la différence entre les verbes français et les rois?

La différence, c'est que, à l'inverse des rois, les verbes s'accordent toujours avec leurs sujets.

Un maître avait dit à sa classe composée d'élèves très jeunes que Milton, le poète, était avengle. Le lendemain il demanda aux élèves s'ils se rappelaient de la grande affliction de Milton. "Oui," répondit un petit garçon, "il était poète."

La Mère aux Anes.

Une vieille dame conduisait des ânes le long du grand chemin. Une bande de joyeux garçons vint à passer et lui cria:

"Bonjour, vieille mère aux ânes!"

Mais la paysanne leur répondit: "Bonjour, mes enfants, bonjour!"

Ce n'est pas un Voleur.

Un homme fut arrêté pour avoir voté une vache. Quand on lui demanda pourquoi il l'avait volée. Il dit, "Oh, Monsieur, je ne l'ai pas volée, je n'ai volé que la corde à linge et quand je suis arrivé chez-moi j'ai trouvé une vache à l'autre bout."

Chistes.

En que modo estau parecidas la mujer y las montañas?

Las dos tienen sus faldas.

En el tren.

El Sr. De Floreto habla sin interrupción hace más de una hora con su compañero de viaje, un inglés de tipo estafalario. A la llegada da con gran efusión las gracias de miloed.

Me sient tanto más satisfecho de haber cambiado mis impresiones con un caballero como vd, cuante que, por lo general sus compatriotas son muy poco comunicativo.

Ash yes—dice el ingles—Moa jablar solamente por aprender la lengua.

El. Porqué estás tan pensativa?

Ella: Quién? Yo?

El: Claro! Hace ya treinta y dos segundos que no has dicho una palabra.

Die Himmlische Musik.

Als noch das goldene Zeitalter war, wo die Engel mit den Bauerkindern auf den sandhanfen spielten, standen die thore des Himmels weit offen, und der goldene Himmelsglanz fiel aus ihnen wie der Regen auf die erde herab. Die Menschen sahen von der erde in den offenen Himmel hinein: sie sahen oben die Seligen zwischen den Sternen spazieren gehen, und die Menschen grüßten hinauf und die Seligen grüßten herunter. Das schönste aber war die wundervolde musik, die damals aus dem Himmel sich hören liesz. Der liebe Gott hatte dazu die noten selber aufgeschrieben, und transend Engel führten sie mit Geigen, Pauken und Trompeten auf. Wenn sie zu ertönen begann, wurde es ganz still auf der erde. Der wind hörte auf zu rauschen and die Wasser in meer und in den Flüssen standen still. Die menschen aber nickten sich zu und drückten sich heimlich die Hände. Es wurde ihnen beim Lanschen so wunderbar zu mut, wie man das jetzt einen armen menschenherzen gar nicht beschreiben kann,—

So war es damals; aber es danerte nicht lange. Denn eines Tages liesz der liebe Gott zur strape die Himmsthore zumachen und sagte zu den Engeln: "Hört auf mit euerer musik; denn ich bin trawig!" Da wurden die Engel auch betrübt und setzten sich jeder mit seinen notenblatt auf eine wolke und zerschnitzelten die notenblätter mit ihren kleinen goldnen scheren in lauter einzelne Stückchen; die lieszen sie auf die erde hinunter fliegen. Hiér nahm sie der wind wehte sie wie Schneeflocken über Berg und thal und zerstreute sie in alle welt. Und die menschenkinder haschten sich jeder ein Schnitzel, der eine ein graszes und der andere ein Kleines, und hobn sie sich sorgfältig auf und hielten die Schnitzel sehr wert; damn as war jo etwas von der himmlischen musik, die so wundervoll geklungen halte. Aber mit der Zeit begannen sie sich zu streiten und zu entzweien, weil jeder glaubte, er hätte das beste erwischt; und zuletzt behauptete jeder, das was r hätte, wäre die eigentliche himmlische musik, unde das, was die andern besäßen, wäre eitel Trug und Schein. Wer recht klug sein wollte—und deren waren viele—machte noch hinten und vorn einen groszen Schnör-

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It is Pure and Wholesome

THE IMPOSTER

V. P. '16.

William Harrison Carter, otherwise "Billy," hurried out of the office into the thickest fog he had ever seen. Automobiles were creeping through the streets, the screech of their horns and the whistles of the traffic police, adding to the weirdness of the scene.

Suddenly Billy ran into a man, who was hurrying down the steps of one of the big houses on the street. Carter dropped his cigarette case.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, and striking a match helped Billy in his search. As they stooped the flickering light shown on their face. With a surprised exclamation, the man struck another match.

"Do you see what I see?" he demanded. Billy looked, seemingly, at his own face. "Don't you see," he cried excitedly, "that you are my double? Fate is kind to me! No, I'm not crazy," noticing the look of doubt on Billy's face.

"If you will only let me explain. Come in to my house, I believe I can interest you."

Billy thought that this looked like adventure so he consented. Something about the stranger inspired trust.

The man led Carter into a luxuriously furnished library and asked him to sit down.

"First," he began, "my name is William Cartwright."

Billy recognized the name as belonging to one of the oldest and most conspicuously wealthy families of the town.

"Mine is William Carter," said Billy.

"As you can see," pointing to a mirror over the mantel "we are alike," said the man.

The likeness was indeed remarkable, both were young, about twenty-four, tall, good-looking, with the same look of determination, the same eyes, the same mouth, even the same smile.

"Six months ago," he continued, "my grandfather died suddenly. I was in India at the time. By his will I was left his entire fortune provided that I lived in this town for two years without leaving it. This was because I have a thirst for travel, for adventure that nothing can quench. I have never remained in the same place for two months even—until now, I believe, in this way, he hoped to make

me settle down. I have kept this provision for six months, and now I can stand it no longer. I must go, I must. And yet—as you see, a fortune is a fortune. Now you are my chance, Mr. Carter. If you will take my place—oh, it can be done! Our resemblance would deceive anybody. I'll prove it."

He rang a bell.

"When my valet comes in, stand in the light and order the machine for tonight. See what will happen!"

Cartwright turned his back, and the servant entering, received Billy's order without a doubt as to his identity.

"There," said Cartwright triumphantly, when the man had gone, "Richards has been with me for years, and he can't tell the difference. Will you do it? I'll give you a free rein."

Billy hesitated for a moment, but eagerness for adventure overcame any suspicions he may have had.

"Yes, I'll do it," he said.

Cartwright sent for Richards and explained the situation to him.

"From now on, Richards, you will take Mr. Carter's orders, and I leave it to you to tell him whatever he may need to know of my life, my friends."

"Now, old fellow," he exclaimed gayly, "I'm free until May 20, 1918. If I am not here before midnight of that date, it will mean that I am dead and that everything of mine is yours. The deception will never be discovered. By the way, I am going to use your name—fair exchange, you know," he said, vigorously shaking Billy's hand.

"Well, goodnight—good luck!"

Billy dumbfoundedly sinking into a chair heard the heavy front door bang as William Cartwright alias William Carter was swallowed up by the fog.

It soon became evident to Billy that his life, as William Cartwright, was to be a busy one. Invitations to dinners, dances, teas, and house parties, were numerous. After careful coaching from the valet as to his intimacy with each person, he accepted them all. His slips were few, and there was no suspicion as to his identity.

Two months passed in this pleasant manner when, one morning, Billy received a shock in the form of a letter. It ran:

"My dear Carter,

"There is one thing that I forgot to tell you. I am engaged to Nanette Meredith, but don't worry, since she is living in Pekin, and will not return until May 30, 1918, the date of the wedding. My letters to her are sent through Richards.

"Am having a wonderful time, thanks to you,

"WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT."

Billy was quite upset and ready to "chuck it all," but Richards refused to forward his letter to Cartwright, saying that it was against his orders, so there was really nothing to be done.

* * * * *

Several weeks later, as Billy entered the library, a dashing looking girl jumped up, calling "Billy!" and flinging her arms around his neck, kissed him. He was too stunned to speak for a minute.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" she demanded.

"Why y-y-yes," stammered luckless Billy. "Of course I'm just crazy to see you again. It was the surprise of seeing you here when I thought you were in Pekin."

He played his part well and Miss Meredith saw nothing wrong.

When she had gone, Billy felt helpless. He had never been in such a fix in his life. He—who had never understood girls—engaged. It was an impossible situation.

"There is no way out. I can't betray Cartwright and yet—it isn't as if I had to marry her."

So he went on with his carefree existence. He had to take Nanette around a good deal, but she was "rather a good sport," and he liked her as well as he could ever like any girl.

"You are changed Billy," she often said, "I don't believe you love me as you used to."

Then poor Billy would reply, "Well, Nanette, you see I am older, and maybe age has made me undemonstrative but of course I feel just the same towards you."

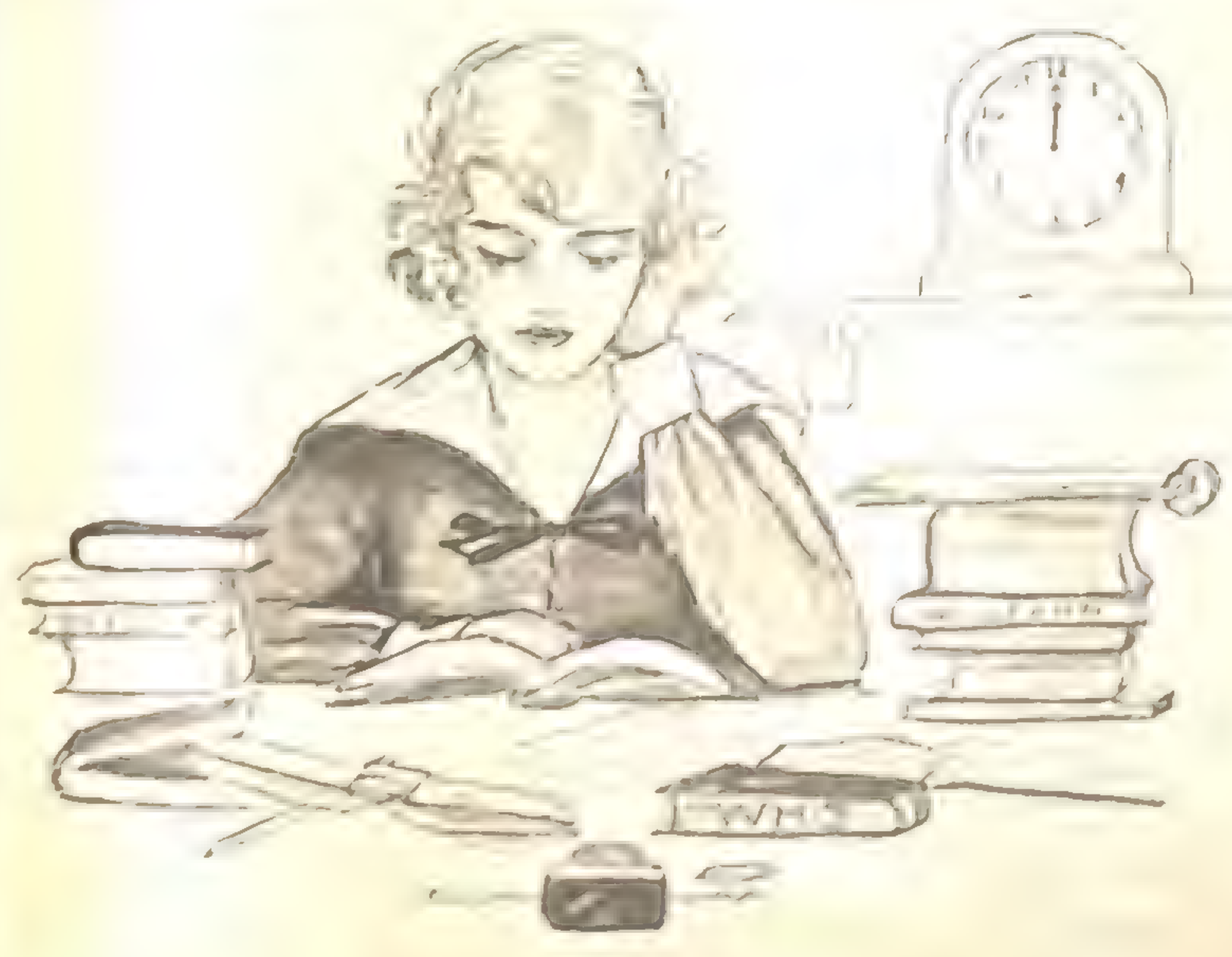
The days slipped by, and although his position was, at times, uncomfortable, on the whole he rather enjoyed himself.

(Continued on page 21)



A
Girl's
Idea
of
Pre-
pared-
ness
by

Peggy Heiss-'15



PETER

Dorothy Mayes, '16.

My Dear Madge:

"Billy Williams" has come down with the measles and the doctor says that since Peter hasn't been near him lately, we can save him from the same malady by removing him (Peter). Won't you please take him for about two weeks? He's not bad really, just mischievous and you'll oblige and help.

Your loving sister so much.

Miss Madge Gordon, spinster, aged twenty-nine, gazed at the letter in blank amazement. She was not in a cheerful state of mind. She hadn't been since John Summers marched out of the front door some six months before and banged it after him. The big house with only herself and her old mother to fill it was decidedly lonely and still. Of course, if Peter came that would be changed but—Miss Madge compressed her lips and tried not to think of that but. Nevertheless that night the mail carried a favorable reply to the note of the morning and two days later Peter was duly installed.

* * * * *

Miss Madge dropped her sewing and ran with a white face to the back yard from which a most awful and alarming medley of sounds was issuing forth. At the kitchen door she stopped and caught at the door frame for support. Her precious, beautiful white Angora kitten and some insignificant illbred bull pup about one foot long were dangling, one at each end of a short rope hung over the clothes line and it required optical gymnastics to pick out which was cat and which was dog. The contestants were supplying their own musical accompaniment and over against the fence a shamefaced golden haired little sinner, aged seven, was regarding the proceedings with interest.

Now Miss Madge was not noted for her bravery but when she saw her innocent pet being rapidly deprived of its fur and her "imp" of a nephew watching with inhuman glee, all her courage came to her and she rushed boldly into the fray. And when she got in she stayed in the center. Round and round her head the battle raged and the rope which had been caught around her throat began to be uncomfortable.

Peter began to see that things were wrong and left the fence to dance about his aunt crying.

"Hey, Aunt Madge, better come out

o' that quick, quick!!" Strong is instinct to some people from youth on to old age.

Peter was beginning to be frightened and was on his way to the gate for help when a young giant with a handsome face (when one had looked sufficiently high to see it) came in, attracted by the racket.

Inside the gate the man cried: "Madge! Good Lord!" and he, too, dashed into the fray. Soon cat, dog and lady were disentangled and Miss Madge held what was left of an Angora cat. She drew herself up to full height and turning to her rescuer thanked him in this wise:

"Thank you very much Mr. Summers. Your coming was very opportune indeed."

Mr. Summers felt like his name would be Mr. "Winter" if he was subjected to much more of this freezing process.

"You know I'm always glad to be of service to you, Madge. You ain't much hurt are you?" Mr. Summers' tone was friendly, and some more. But the freezing process went on.

"Only a little scratched, thank you. Peter go straight to your room and you and I will have a conversation by ourselves. Good-bye, Mr. Summers."

A very tearful Peter, an indignant aunt and a remnant of a cat swept into the house leaving Mr. Summers standing in the yard. "Br-r-," he shivered and stamped out of the yard with a face very much like a thundercloud.

"She can go hang it for all I care hereafter," he growled as he marched away down the street.

* * * * *

"Aw, please, Aunt Madge, I didn't know it would hurt 'em. They was both so little! An' how was I goin' t' know you was going to fight, too. Please, Aunt, Mother say little boys mustn't never stay in the house when it's so purty outside."

Peter stood before his aunt the tears rolling down his chubby cheeks, but his irate aunt was firm.

"No." There was a finality about those two letters which distressed Peter, "You will stay here until tomorrow night. Then you may come down to dinner. You have certainly demonstrated your mischievousness as much as I care to have you."

And so the prince was left in the dungeon. He amused himself with whatever he found and passed the rest

of that day quite comfortably, for his grandmother had thought to lay in a supply of picture books for him.

The second day about ten o'clock he saw his aunt go down the street with a market basket. As he watched her go a longing which he had been feeling for some time became almost unbearable. As he stood with a doleful face rubbing his nose against the screen, one of his small friends saw him and hailed him.

"C'mon, Peter, we're goin' swimmin' down to th' creek. 'S too nice t' stay in doors t' day. Hurry up!"

At this Peter's face became yet more doleful.

"Aunt Madge say I got t' stay here till to-night. Then I cant do anything but come down to dinner an' go back up. Anyway (sour grapes) I can't swim very much."

"Aw c'mon! we'll teach you. Your aunt's gone t' market an' you can have a nice swim before she gets back." Thus spoke the tempters and Peter, instead of bidding them depart, departed with them.

So about a quarter of an hour later he was splashing about in the stream with five or six boys about three or four years older than he. Peter was a city bred boy and his experience in the water was very limited. He could only just keep himself afloat but he did not wish the boys to know this so he struck boldly out—and got beyond his depth.

A few minutes later a very white and wilted Peter lay on the bank while two men worked frantically and a circle of very frightened boys stood around. Soon the men were rewarded for their labors by a long shuddering breath from the form on the grass. Then the tallest man picked him up and strode off toward the Gordon home, nearby. As he approached he heard frantic cries of "Peter! Peter!! come here. Where are you? Oh, Peter!"

The voice had reached the kitchen now and its owner now came out on the porch and stood still, clutching the rail.

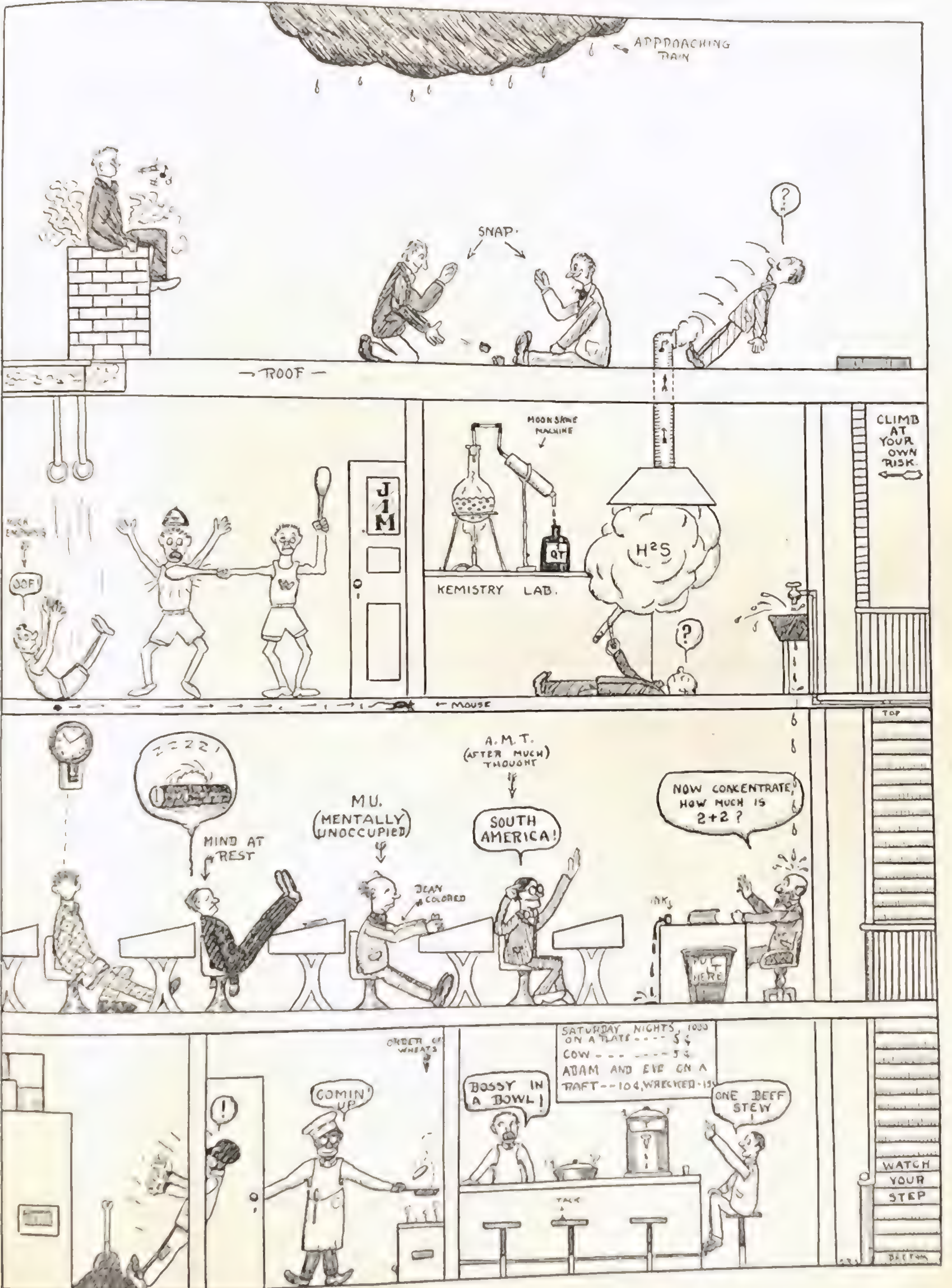
"Why, what—" she began.

The man came on up the steps without slackening his pace.

"Almost drowned in the creek," he said briefly. "Where's a bed and some hot blankets?"

Madge led the way and as soon as they had him safely in bed and warmly

(Continued on page 23)



THE FOUR WINDS

Mary Elizabeth Mayes.

Long ago, when the world was young and beautiful, untouched by meddling men, there was a vast cave in the side of a huge mountain. The mountain was the king of all mountains, with fleecy clouds for a crown, with a velvety forest of trees for a robe, embroidered with flowers. The cave was very large and cool. Echoes lived in it and far back in its depth there was a merry little spring which sang all day long. Often the echoes would take up the song.

This cave was called the "wind cave" and was the home of four, care-free, rollicking winds, who played all day. Their playground was the world. Hide and seek they played among the hills and mountains, and hare-and-hound were among the games they played, running until they could run no more. They lived peaceably together, everything loving them and they loving every thing, until one day as they were sitting on a high cliff they saw, approaching them a wonderful and most fearful creature, who breathed flames, the light of which almost blinded them as they looked upon him. As he swam toward them, steam rose from the water which surrounded him. Its feet were like the claws of a hawk only many times larger. Its eyes were small and green and filled the poor little winds with terror as they glared at them. Its enormous tail swung from side to side, causing waves to rise almost as high as the mountain. As the dragon came on the four little winds sat on the cliff and hugged each other, being too frightened to move.

It was only when the winds saw that the dreadful monster was moving straight for the land, that they started home. They ran faster than they had ever before and when they reached their cave they went back into the farthest corner and wept and wept. The echoes cried with them but the little spring sang a lullaby to put the four tired winds to sleep and thus stopped their tears. For two days and nights the winds wept because this monster had come to spoil their play. On the third day Mother Earth came to them and took them in her arms, telling them that she, too, had suffered, as the dragon had left a parched and desolate track behind him wherever it went. At this the fear of the winds was changed to anger. Ceasing to

weep the yflood Mother Earth not to grieve as they would drive the dragon from the land. They had suddenly become mature under their sorrow and no longer wished to play hare-and-hound, but to show this dragon that they were masters of this land.

Then the winds began to dispute as to how they would drive the dragon from the earth. One said that they should speak roughly and commandingly to it. Another that they should use toward it biting and sarcastic words. Another that they be gentle enough to keep it from becoming angry but cold enough to let him know that the winds were superior to it. But the fourth wind was of a gentle nature and hated any rough or cruel speech. She was also sincere and looked upon the third winds' plan as being that of a person who did not know his mind. She expressed the view that the dragon could be more easily persuaded to leave the land, if they spoke gently to it and won it to them in such a degree that it would do their wishes.

They went to Mother Earth and told her of their various plans. She listened to them in silence and remained in deep thought for a few moments, then she said:

"My children, all of your plans are good in their own way and I can not decide which is the best. You are grown now and you have power to do great things. The only way to find the successful plan is to try them all. Each in turn must go to this unwelcome guest and exert his power. West wind you may go first and if you do not succeed, the north wind shall go and try this plan. If you do not succeed, east wind, the south must try."

So, as Mother Earth had advised, the four winds went in the chosen order. On the fourth day the west wind ventured forth from the cave full of confidence.

Now the world had sorely missed the merry winds and had grown sad during their absence. When it saw the west wind come from the cave it smiled and all the birds sang. The flowers raised their heads, the willows wept for joy and the aspen quivered with delight. On moved the west wind, very sedately. Straight up to the dragon he moved and spoke to him, gently at first. The dragon looked at him, closed his eyes and went to sleep. This angered the wind and he spoke coldly and in a manner not

polite. When the birds saw this change in the wind they stopped singing and one by one began to fly away. The flowers drooped and many died. Some leaves turned red with shame that the west wind could act thus.

When the west wind returned to the cave and acknowledged that his plan had failed, the north wind went forth. His face was set and cold and his grey eyes were just as cold. The dragon did not go to sleep when the north wind spoke to it but became angry and even more obstinate and refused to leave the home of the winds. The world had become sad at the change in the west wind, but the north wind frightened it so that the leaves withered and fell to the ground, dead. The sky became leaden and it was a time of great sorrow for the world.

Seeing that he availed nothing, the north wind returned to the wind cave. Then the east wind swept forth, moving as swiftly as an arrow sped from a bow. The waters were so terrified that they congealed into ice. The sky started to weep but as the tears fell to the earth, the east wind froze them with his breath and they fell as snowflakes. The east wind spoke to the dragon in the sharpest manner that he knew, but had no more success than his two brothers and returned to the cave.

When the south wind saw that her three powerful brothers had failed she had very little confidence left. In spite of this she left the cave and moved slowly over the world, wondering to see it so desolate. When the sky saw the gentle south wind leave the cave it cried for joy and its tears fell on the dead flowers and trees and refreshed them, bringing them back to life. The flowers smiled, the trees became green and the birds came back and sang as they had never sung before. When the south wind saw this change she smiled and moved carefully among all this beauty so as not to spoil even the smallest flower. Just then the dragon waked up from one of his naps and was not a little surprised to see the world so green. Then it saw the south wind coming toward it. She was so beautiful that the bewildered dragon could only sit and look at her. She began to speak to the dragon in her soft, low voice. Before the dragon quite knew what it was doing it had promised this lovely creature to return to its own domain

(Continued on page 23)

AFTER THE HOLIDAY "REST"



THE GHOSTS OF THE KREMLIN

Two young men were standing on the banks of the river, looking beyond it toward the city of Moscow, with its famous acropolis, the great Fortress of Kremlin, which hung above the city with its 10,000 brilliantly colored domes and spires sparkling in the sun like the jewels of a crown. One of the men, an American, was speaking.

"Ghosts!" he said scornfully, "Why, Czecski, look at that city. Every one of those 10,000 towers belongs to a cathedral or a palace, each of which has one or more ghosts connected with it. If they all existed there would be no room left in the city for every-day human beings. You were educated in America, and should have absorbed our progressive ideas. Surely you don't believe in ghosts?"

His companion, Lieutenant Czecski, a young Cossack of the Guard, did not answer at once.

"I don't believe," he said finally, "in the kind of ghost that sharpens razors on the bed-post, and cuts your throat while you sleep; but surely it is possible for a place to become so charged with emotion of a certain kind, that it will always produce that sensation on any person near it. There is one story that I have often wished to test. I must do it tonight, or wait a year. Will you go with me?"

"Anything for excitement. What is the story?"

"Do you know anything about Peter the Great?"

"A little. He traveled in Germany, reformed Russia, married a slave, and put down a revolution. Does the ghost of his first wife pursue him at night on the roof of the castle?"

"No. At least, not that I know of. But you missed the most important part of his history. He had his son, Alexis, tortured to make him confess certain plots, and in the end brought him before a council of nine men, and killed him with own hands. It is said that the spirits of these men, on the night of the anniversary of the deed, go through the final trial of the Tzarevitch in the same dungeon of the Palace of the Kremlin."

"Isn't the palace rather new?"

"It is built on the foundations of the old one, and the old dungeons remain. Part of them are unknown even to the guards. To-night is the seventh of July, the anniversary of the death of the Tzarevitch. Will you meet me at my quarters at ten o'clock?"

"On the dot. Au revoir."

Shortly after ten, the two friends, armed with electric torch-lights entered the palace, and started toward the stairs that led to the dungeons. On the way they met a tall, handsome officer, in a brilliant uniform, who smiled as he returned Czecski's salute, and stopped to say,

"I'll send a search party after you, if you're not back when the roll is called tomorrow. I wish you good luck; if I had time, I'd go with you. Good night."

Czecski saluted again, then turned to lead the way down the steps.

"Who is that?" asked the American.

"Prince Troubetski, the Commander of the Imperial Cossak Guard, you know. I had some trouble getting leave tonight, since I belong on duty, so I went to him. This way."

It was soon necessary to turn on the torches, for the young lieutenant led his companion down flight after flight of musty stone steps, until at last the American ventured to protest.

"One flight more. Here we are. This is the lowest floor; it has not been used for more than an hundred years, and not then to any great extent. You see," and he flashed his light into one of the cells that lined the narrow corridor, "there are skeletons, still supported by irons in many of these cells. Prisoners were often left here and forgotten, or perhaps the guards would not remember in which wing they were left, and would not take the trouble to find out."

This information did not tend to make the journey through the damp, vault-like corridors, any more cheerful for the listener, and he presently asked how much farther they had to go.

"It isn't known just where the ghosts appear; it's supposed to be somewhere down this way. They say—Hello! I don't remember this passage; let's see where it goes to."

Czecski, like all slaves had fits of despondency and of gayety. This was one of the latter, and it turned his vivid imagination out of the paths that a Russian's imagination usually follows. For more than an hour he dragged his companion around, stopping often to investigate the ghastly relics of the cells, and to hazard a guess as to the original owner of the skeletons. He stopped at last, in front of a large, bare room; the doorway was broad and high, and the iron bars which had originally closed it had been removed, though the ends were

still to be seen embedded in the stone walls.

"It's quarter of twelve," said Czecski, looking at his watch, and flinging his military cloak on the stone bench, "this is the suspected room. Now for the ghosts."

The bench, instead of being placed along the wall as in the other cells, was about in the middle of the room. The two friends sat in silence for about two minutes. Czecski could not keep quiet any longer.

"We'd better put out the lights. The batteries may not last, and I'm not sure if I can find my way out in the dark; besides, the ghosts may not come if the lights are lit."

The American had begun to hope that the ghosts would not appear, but he put out his light, and sat wondering what was going on in the outside world, for there, in the sticky, oppressive darkness, they did not seem to belong to the bright, modern city above them, with its brilliant lights, and noisy, happy crowds. They seemed—and the American caught his breath at the thought—to belong, with the old dungeons, to the far past. He had returned no answer to his comrades remark, but the Cossack was irrepressible.

"By the way, this is the room in which Peter the first confined his sister, the Regent Sophia. He had the streltsi, who had headed the revolt she had raised, chained to the bars that used to form the door. They hung there for five months. Many people say that Sophia was never taken to the convent, but was left here to die, since no one could be found to execute her."

The American turned uneasily, and felt for the light. The darkness was so thick that it seemed to hinder the movement of his hand. He found the light, but the switch refused to work. Serenely unconscious of all this, Czecski continued:

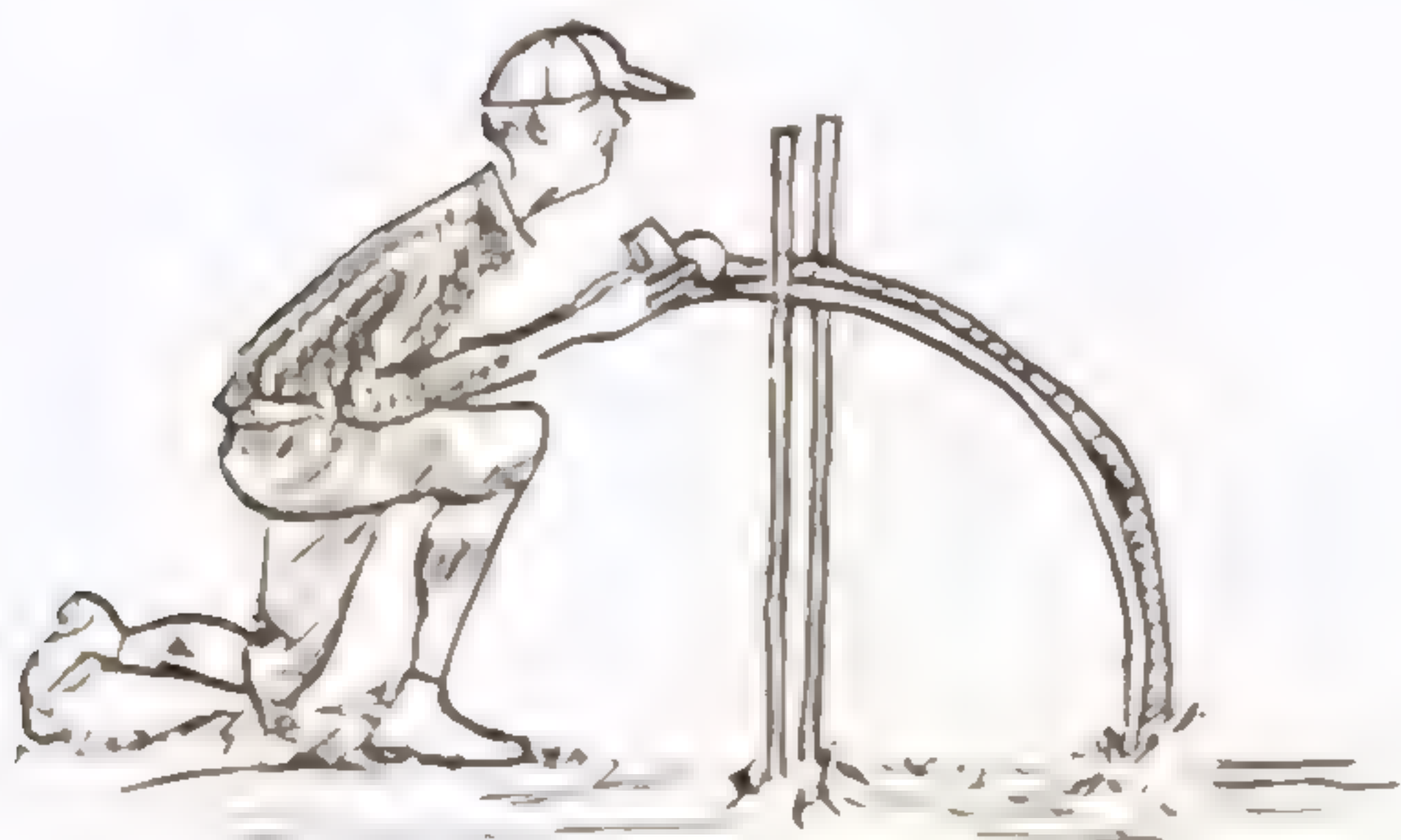
"Peter's first wife was imprisoned with her, and—what's that?"

He rose, and dragged his companion to his feet. Together they stood listening. There was a sudden feeling of motion around them, and faint, but distinct, came the sound of echoing foot-steps. The two men, prompted by a sort of animal instinct, drew back, feeling their way to the farthest corner of the room. A wavering light appeared on the walls, and soon two men, clad in the Byzantine robes of the orthodox Church of Russia, enter-

(Continued on page 23)

BASEBALL COULD BE IMPROVED - THUS

USE A CATAPULT



THE CATCHER MIGHT USE A BUCKET

OR ELSE



ONE COULD CIRCLE THE BASES MORE QUICKLY IN A LIL' AUTOMOBILE



HOWEVER, IN CASE THE RUNNER CAN'T DRIVE A MACHINE, THIS DEVICE SHOULD BE USED



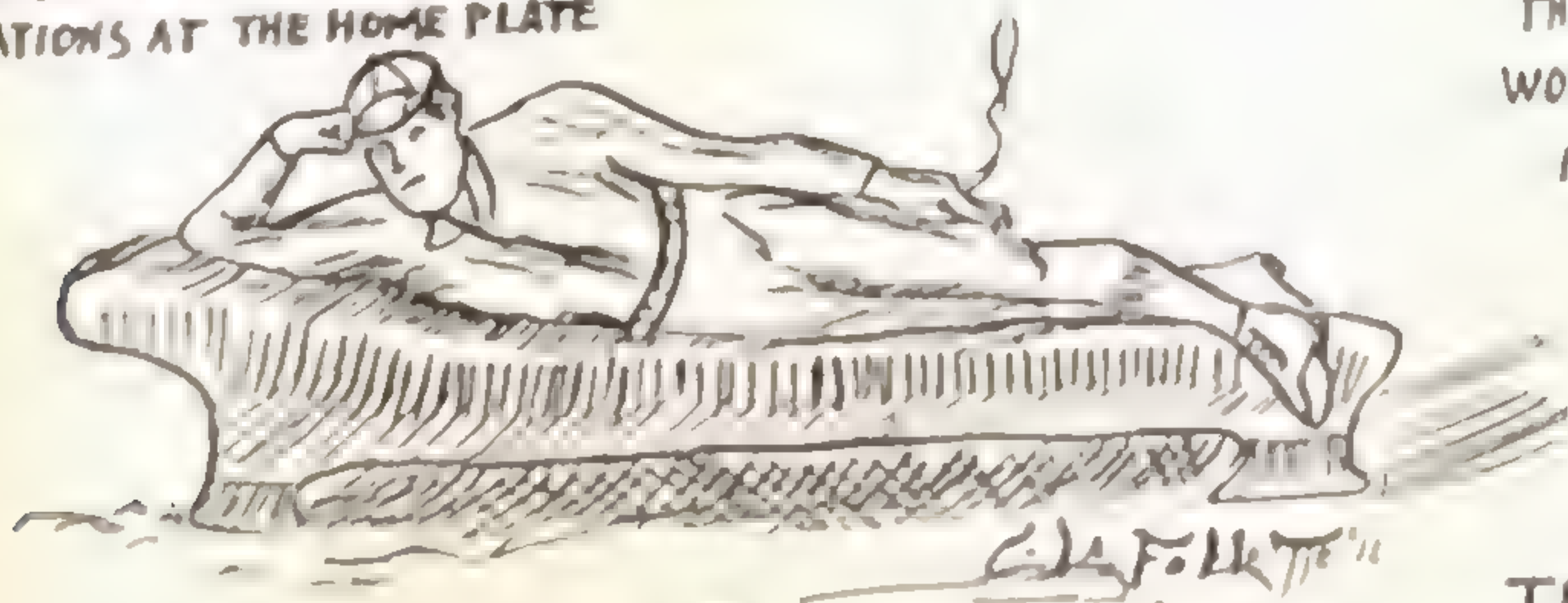
OR

KEEP A MOLE STEED IN READINESS.



A FENCE LIKE THIS BETWEEN 2ND AND 3RD WOULD ELIMINATE THE SHORT STOP.

COUCHES SHOULD BE PROVIDED FOR THE ACCOMODATION OF THE FIELDERS DURING THE WINDMILL OPERATIONS AT THE HOME PLATE



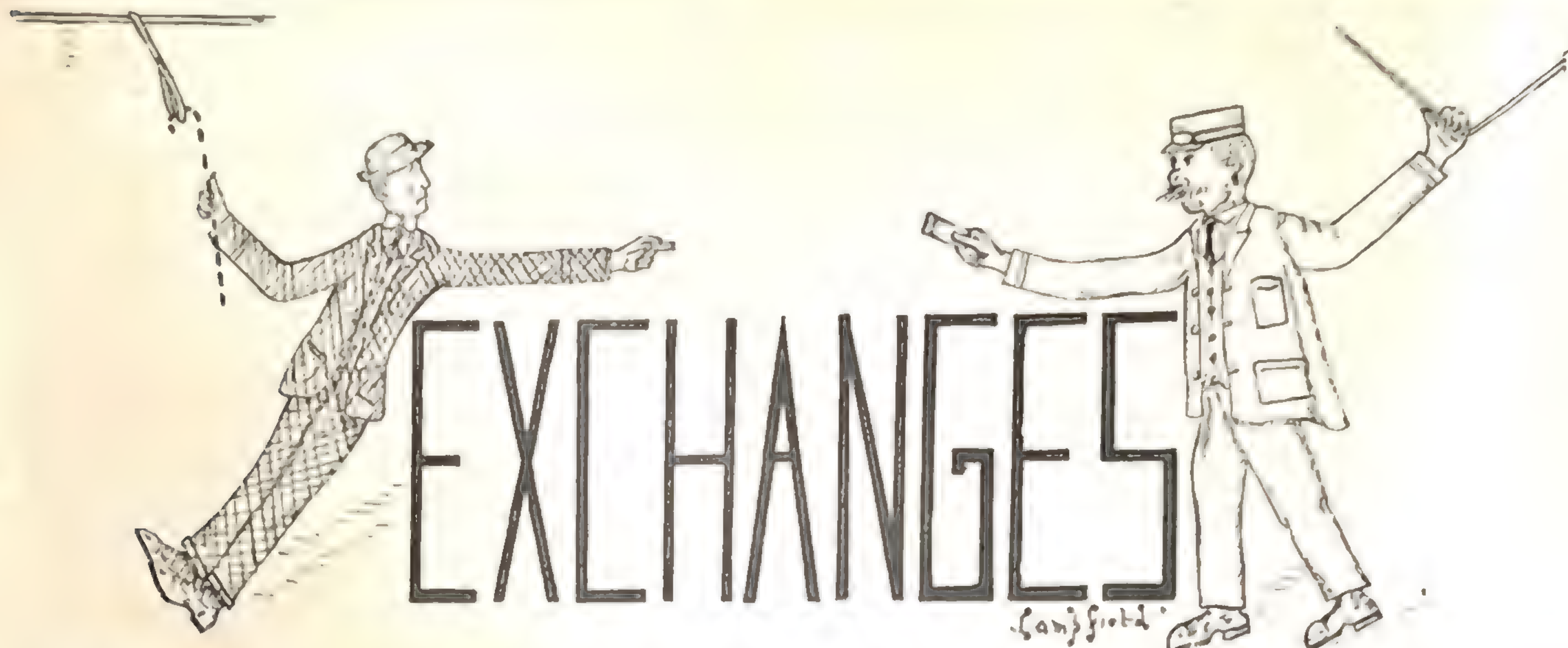
C. J. FOLK

A PINWHEEL ATTACHED THUSLY TO THE BALL WOULD HELP TO INCREASE THE BALL'S VELOCITY



BATTING DEVICE

WE THINK THAT IF THE FORGOING IDEAS WERE APPLIED TO THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME THEY WOULD IMPROVE IT VASTLY, OH—VASTLY



We wish to express our thanks for the following exchanges:

Allegheny Breezes, Lewisburg Seminary.

The Mountaineer, Santa Anna High School, Santa Anna, Texas.

The Pharetra, Wilson College.

The Oracle, North High School, Des Moines, Iowa.

The Tatler, West High School, Des Moines, Iowa.

The Maroon and White, Alexandria

The Facets, St. Ann's School, Charlottesville, Virginia.

The Central Highmen, Central High School, Minneapolis, Minn.

The West High Weekly, West High School, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Hatchet, George Washington University.

The High School Gleaner, Lykens High School, Lykens, Pa.

The Hyde Park Weekly, Chicago, Ill.

The Dinansaur, Laramie High School, Laramie, Wyoming.

The Student, Portsmouth High School, Portsmouth, Va.

The Tech Life, Technical High School.

The Hyde Park Weekly: Another new addition to our department. The paper is well divided into departments, and all seem to be fine except your advertising. There is no need to argue the use of this. Just look out for it. Your literary department, especially "Just Pals," is very good. We hope you will continue to exchange.

The High School Gleaner: Another new arrival. Welcome to our fold. It is a fine snappy paper, but rather small. Why not add a few more sheets? The type and style are excel-

lent and we hope you will continue to exchange with us.

Th Mountaineer: Another new arrival of this month. Why not have a better representative of your school? The quality of the paper used is not very good, and this spoils the appearance of your paper. Try to make it larger and snappier. We hope to have you as an exchange for some time.

The Facets: An excellent paper indeed. One that well repays the reader for time spent in reading it. The appearance is excellent and we can only say that we wish others could copy the style and spirit of the "Facets." The only detracting feature seemed a lack of cuts. These do much toward aiding the appearance of your paper. Try to add a few. Your literary department is large and varied. I wish to recommend your story "The Devil Tree." I sincerely hope we will have you as an exchange for a long time.

From Other Papers.

Mary had a little lamb,
You've heard of this before,
But did you know she passed her plate
And got a little more?

—Exchange.

Latin.

All are dead who wrote it,
All are dead who spoke it.
All who die learn it.
Blessed death! they earn it.

—Exchange.

What is a hug?
Energy gone to waist.

—Exchange.

Optimist: Pleasant weather overhead.

Pessimist: Ya-a-s. Trouble is so few people are going that way.

—Exchange.

What is the difference between Miss and Mrs?

Mister.

Why, certainly.

—Exchange.

The Minstrel

Translation of "Der Sänger," von Goethe.

A song resounded o'er the bridge
A melody rang through the air,
The merry court grew hushed and still,
The valiant knights and ladies fair
All listened to the music rare.

The bard who sang the noble song
Now came, obedient to the call
Resting his harp before the king
His voice rang clearly through the hall
"I greet you lords and ladies, all."

He closed his eyes and sang his song
And struck the harp now sweet, now bold,
And hearts were moved, and courage stirred,
The king, delighted, cried, "Behold,
Thy recompense, a chain of gold."

"I pray thee, King, press not on me
So costly, yet so poor, a gift
With it thy counsellor reward
Or let some noble knight uplift
His lance, to win so great a gift."

"THE VELVET KIND"

THE PRESENTATION OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION PICTURES

Dear Westerners:

At the request of your worthy editor, I am sending you, in part, the talk I had with you on Monday, March thirteenth. Since it would not be fair for an Alumna to occupy the whole issue of the Western, I am sending you only the heart of the message.

Upon the assumption that you wanted to know something of the donors of the pictures so well to be explained by six capable Westerners, a history of the school was attempted. In order not to tax your memories so early Monday morning, the historic record for which you already had the pigeon holes labeled in your minds, was divided into three epochs, ancient, mediaeval, and modern.

The ancient period, spent on the Curtis School on O street terminated in 1897 when the move was made to the new building. The mediaeval period ended suddenly with the fire. The modern period is just now beginning with you in the new building. It is from the members of the first two of these great epochs that the pictures come as a token of appreciation of this institution.

Because of the two decided breaks in its history, the school has not been able to hand on to you a rich, material inheritance. In the English Public Schools the old benches, desks, books and pictures are carefully preserved and used by class after class so that the new generation may emulate the old. The boy who inherits a desk on which Gladstone carved his name considers himself a lucky fellow, and I am sure some part of the spirit of that great man hovers about the spot.

By this I do not mean to intimate that as yet our school has produced so grand a name as Gladstone, but I do want you to stop, and think with me a moment so that we may realize that there are now in various places all over this "buzzing, blooming confusion of a world" many fine men and women working to their maximum towards the ideals established when they were students in the Western High School.

The desks, the seats, the books laden with associations are gone, but the spirit fostered in the school lives on and on. To prove this you need only to go by the imaginary route to a far country with queer customs, unpalatable food, and a strange language

where after a lonely week you meet an American. The fact that you are both from the land of the stars and stripes is the first tie. In the course of the conversation you discover that your new found friend once attended the High School on the hill in Georgetown. That is the second and stronger tie. You are thus made conscious of the real spirit of your school which moves and which fires cannot destroy.

This pervading influence will take on a more usable form when the newly graduated classes decide to reorganize the Alumni Association, before the members have a chance to scatter to the ends of the earth. We need such an organization.

To wish upon you again that which I did when I had the privilege to talk to you might break the charm, but I will say that having so few, old material associations to strengthen and make vital the spirit, I hope thoughts will come to you when you view our gift of pictures, of the fine men and women out in life who once, like you, attended with profit and inspiration, the WESTERN HIGH SCHOOL.

May you always "follow the gleam."

Heartily your well-wisher,
ALBERTA WALKER.

A WOMAN'S PART

Olive A. Reynolds.

Through a little Polish village sounds
the crash of bursting shell,
And from farther off, the canon's
shuddering roar,
While through the crowded troop-train
rings the engine's ceaseless bell,
As beneath a fierce bombardment, the
Russian troops withdraw.

There, on the station platform, a woman bids good-bye,
To her husband, ere he steps aboard
the train,
And a last farewell is spoken as the
heavy cars glide by,
For they know that they may never
meet again.

As, returning to the village, through
the dusty, smoke-filled lane,
She seeks the shattered ruins once her
home,
Terror-filled across the town, rings
the cry of rage and pain,
"The Prussian troops, the Prussian
troops have come!"

As they enter to the music of the martial
German air,
"With God for King and Fatherland,"
they cry;
But Poland does not answer them, nor
care
Which Eagle decks the banners float-
ing high.

In the German camp, the woman clings
to a brother's breast,
As he gently puts her from him, and
mounts quickly;
Then they charge to meet the cry that
rings from east to west,
"For the Tzar and Holy Russia, God
and Victory!"

In the village church two sons of Poland
lie,
And the priests' last words above them
have been spoken;
And another form lies near them, with
glazed eyes turned toward the sky;
A woman's heart, like Poland's heart,
is broken.

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As I boarded the train for Narrowmind College I felt a thrill of delight. I was about to be educated. I was going to one of the largest colleges in the country. I was happy.

In this frame of mind I took a seat in the train opposite a large man with a newspaper covering his face. Seating myself, I gave myself over to reflections on the happiness of my state.

Presently the large man emerged from behind his paper, yawned, several times, and demanded the time of me. I told him the hour, and then inspired by some unusual spirit of friendliness I asked him his destination.

Alas for my kindly intention. Without further ado my friend began to tell me the story of his life.

"I am John Euripides Jones," he began. "I am from Narrowmind College. No I am not a professor. Nothing so poorly paid as that for J. E. Jones. I handle the applications for entrance to the college. I am paid according to the number of people I am able to keep from getting into the college so much a head. Of course all applicants are not valued at the same amount. The better student an applicant is the more I get for keeping him out. My salary is large, but I assure you I earn it. I spare no pains to find excuses for excluding those wishing to enter.

"I am very systematic in my work. This is the way I go about it. I find this method gets the best results. First I take the report that comes in from the high school. If a student has been known to have ever received more than one mark better than passing I am able to exclude him on that ground alone. But if his requirements are satisfactory in that line, I go a step farther and investigate the subjects he has taken. If he has not had everything we imagine necessary I am able to keep him out on that account. Our catalogues are a great help here. There hide every important thing in some obscure place where no applicant would dream of looking for it and when he does not find it, out he goes.

"But if these ways fail we still have one way left. If the applicant is not able to tell whether his mothers' cousins' great aunt took her coffee with or without cream, or the favorite vegetable of the ninth son of an uncle by marriage by a first wife that is enough to exclude him. He is indeed lucky who is able to get in.

Here my friend was seized with a fit of yawning. Mumbling something about "being very tired" he descended again behind his paper, leaving me to reflect on the greatness of our American colleges.

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The Weight of the Purple

(Continued from page 4)

that Konstantine was Emperor, and still waited for commands from Warsaw. Uprisings began all over Russia. Groups of hundreds, even thousands of men, paraded the streets of the cities, shouting, cheering, waving flags and pictures of either Naikolai or Konstantine. So frequent did these processions become that they ceased to attract attention. The passers-by bared their heads impartially before the pictures of the two brothers, and walked on without even a curious glance. When rival processions met, there was rioting, and people were hurt, and often killed. When this happened in Petersburg, the Imperial Cossaks dispersed the gathering with their whips, and restored order.

For weeks, two Tzars reigned in Russia, and the uprisings continued unchecked. At last Naikolai received a message from his brother, in which the latter re-stated his renunciation, and repeated his oath of fealty.

Then the Tzar hesitated no longer. He proclaimed himself Emperor, received the oaths of his subjects, and sent his armies against the rebels. The soldiers obeyed him, for, himself a soldier, he was the favorite of all the Russian troops, but there was much rioting among the civilians in Petersburg.

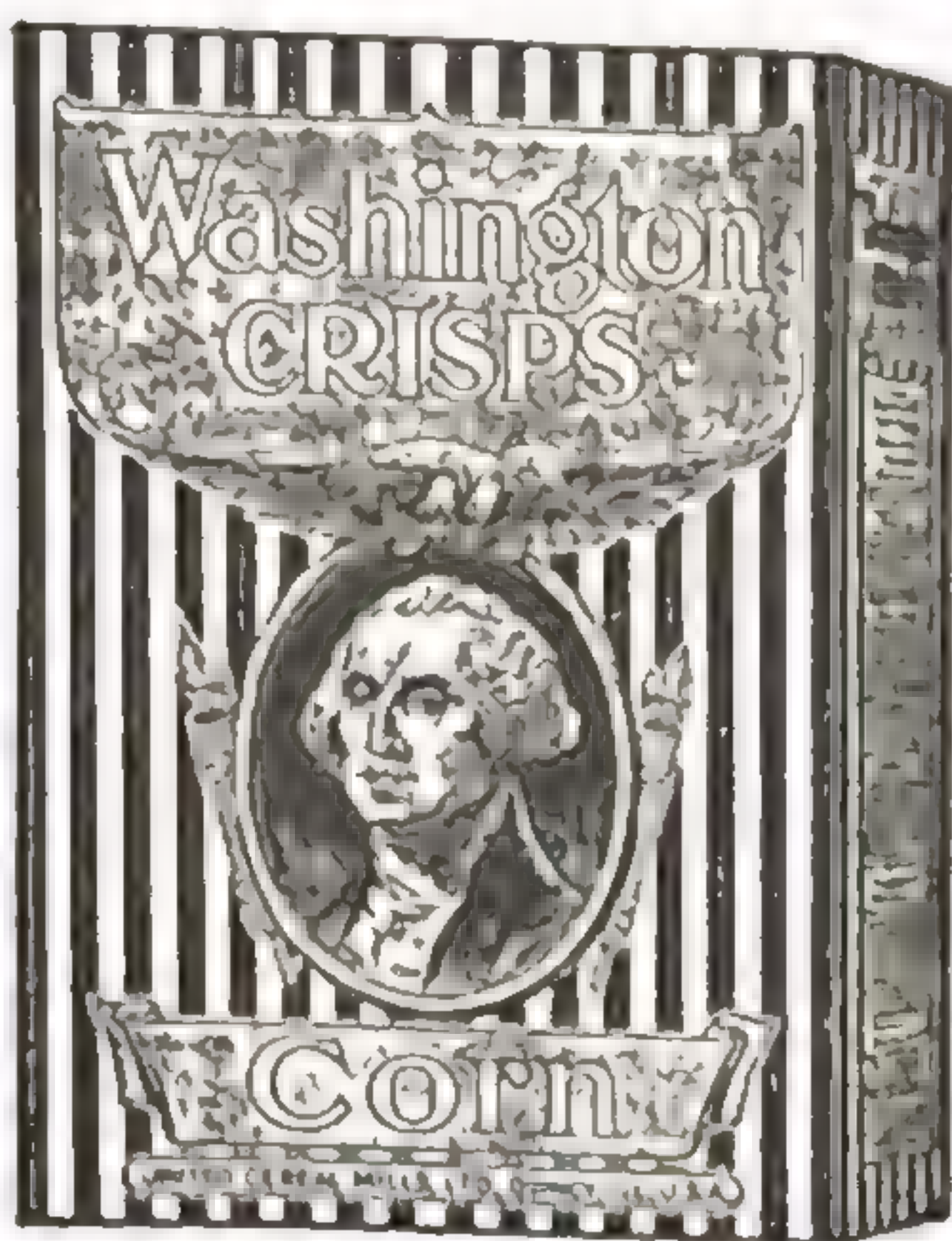
One day, Boris, with some of his fellow-officers was receiving directions from the Emperor, when a mob which seemed particularly determined gathered in the square in front of the Winter Palace, began to throw stones through the windows, and, led by daring and desperate men, loudly announced their intention of murdering the Tzar and his guard. The officers would have sent the Cossaks to disperse them, but Naikolai, with an autocrat's serene indifference to the masses, waved them back, and went out alone onto an open balcony.

Instantly the shouting and stone-throwing ceased; the ring-leaders drew back abashed, while the mob hesitated, as mobs always do in the presence of one whom they know to be their master.

With a glance of contempt, Naikolai extended his hands toward the people, and his clear, scornful voice rang out over the crowded square,

"On your knees!"

There was a second's pause; then, moved by a single impulse, they obeyed him, their determination and will overpowered by his. He read them the proclamation signed by Alexander, and curtly bade them disperse. In ten minutes the square was clear.



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Boris' admiration for the Emperor increased, but he felt lonely and out of place in Naikolai's gay, and western-like court, and his mind turned ever more often, toward the only one of the three sons of Tzar Pavlo whose heart was truly Russian.

Twenty miles from the nearest habitation, on one of the fertile plains of southern Siberia, stood the cottage of a student, presumably a political exile. He lived alone with two servants, and spent his days among his books, seemingly happy and contented. Like all Slavs, he had fits of sadness, and in these he remembered a certain friend in far-off Russia, and was filled with an intense longing to be once more near him.

His servants, and the few strangers who reached the isolated cottage, saw in this only the usual sadness of an exile, condemned to life-long separation from his home.

One evening at sun-set, he rose wearily, closed his book, and going to the door-way looked out across the plains to the west. Not far away, he saw a man walking slowly toward him. In spite of the gathering darkness, he could see that the stranger wore the dress of a pilgrim, that he limped slightly, and leaned heavily on his staff, as, indeed, did all who crossed by day the scorching prairie-land.

The master of the cottage turned back, and gave directions to his servants. When he returned to the door, the man had almost reached it, and with a Russian's quick instinct of hospitality, he advanced a few paces, and took the new-comer's hands in his own. At that instant a servant within lighted a lamp, and through the open doorway the rays fell full upon the two who stood outside.

Their eyes met in mutual recognition; the stranger sank on his knee, pressing the student's hands to his lips; then, worn out by months of wandering, but happy, with the sudden, passionate joy of achievement, Boris Grousiska fell fainting at the feet of the one-time Emperor, Alexander I.

Language Page

(Continued from page 7)

kel daran und bildete sich etwas ganz Besonderes darauf ein. Der eine pliff a und der andere sang b; der eine spielte in moll und der andere in Dur; keiner konnte der andern verstehen. Kurz, es war ein Lärm, wie in einer Judenschule,—So stht es noch heute!

Wenn aber der jüngste Tag kommen wird, wo die sterne auf die erde fallen und die sonne ins meer, und die menschen sich an der Himmelsporte

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drängen wie die kinder zu Weihnachten, wenn aufgemacht wird—da wird der liebe Gott durch die Engel alle die Papierschnitzel von seinen himmlischen notenbuche wieder einsammeln lassen, die groszen ebenso wie die kleinen, unde selbst die gang kleinen, auf denen nur eine einzige Note steht. Die Engel werden die stückchen wieder zusammensetzen, und dann werden die those auf springen und die himmlische musik wird aufs neue erschallen, ebenso schön wie früher. Da werden die menschen kinder verwundert und beschämt dastehen und lanschen und einer zum andern sagen: "Das hattest du! Das hatte ich! Nun aber klingt es erst wunderbar herrlich und ganz anders, nun alles wieder beisammen und am nichtigen Orte ist!"

Ja, ja! So wird's. Ihr könnt euch darauf verlassen. LEANDER.

Iqual que todos.

Un amigo encuentra en la calle con otro, mé dico este último.

Esta vd. malo, doctor? Que tient vd?

Un catarro feroz, que no puedo curarme.

De veráas?

Si, señor. Aquí donde me ve, me pass todo el día tosiendo como un cliente

Anecdota.

Lord Beaconsfield, prime ministro de Inglaterra, estaba un día de visita en casa del príncipe de Bismark, y le preguntó.

Como hace vd. para desembarazarse de los importunos que nos asedian constantemente á los hombres de Estado? Como se los quita vr. de en medio, cómo les da vd. á entender el momento en que deben marcharse?

Muy seneillo,—contests el sondiendo Bismark.—Mi mujer tiene para eso un golpe de vista admirable. Los conoce ens eguida, y cuando juzca que ya han Estado bastante tiempo importunando me envia un recado disciéndome que me esperan en Palacio.

Es muy ingenioso—dijo el ministro Inglés.

En este momento se alrió la querta v aparecio un criado que le dijo al príncipe:

Su majestad desea hablar á vuestra alteza en el Palacio.

Im saal voll Pracht und Herrlichkeit Schliesst, Angen, ench; hier ist nicht zeit, sich staunend zu ergötzen. Der Sänger drückt the Angen ein Und schlug in vollen Tönen, Die Ritter schanten mutig drein, Und in den Schoss die Schönen Der Köing, dem das Lied gefiel,

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 Eine goldne Kette reichen.
 The goldne Kette gib mir nicht,
 The Kette gib den Rittern,
 Vor deren kühnem Angeschit
 Der Feinde Lanzen splittern;
 Gi sie dem Kanzler, den du hast,
 Und lass ihn noch die goldne Last
 Zu andern Lasten tragen.
 Ich singe, wie der Vogel singt,
 Der in den Zweigen wohnt;
 Das Lied, das aus der Kehle dringt,
 Ist Lohn, der reichlich lohnet.
 Doch, darf ich bitten, bitt ich ems.
 My heart, unchained, as gladly sings
 As does the bird, untamed, untaught,
 My melody its own reward
 Yet if thou wilt, let there be brought
 A draught in goblet, golden wrought.
 Farewell, oh King, and may I leave
 This parting thought with thine and
 thee:

Render to Him who gives thee all
 Gratitude and service free
 As I have no waccorded thee.

Mary Collins Sherman, '16.

Was höre ich draussen vor dem Tor,
 Was auf der Brücke schallen?
 Lass den Gesang vor unserm ohr
 I'm sale wiederhallen!
 Der Köing sprach's, der Page lief;
 Der Knabe kam, der Köing rief:
 Lasst mir herein den Alten.
 Gegrüsset sei dmir, edle Herrn,
 Gegrüsset ihr, schöne Damen!
 Welch reicher Himmel! stern hei
 stern!

Wer kennet ihre Namen?

Lass mir den kesten Becher Weins
 In purem Golde reichen.
 Er setzihn an, er trank ihn ans:
 O Trankvoll süssex Lake!
 O wohl dem hochbeglückten Haus,
 Wo das ist kleine wohl, so denkt an
 mich.

Und danket Goot so warm, als ich
 Für diesen Trunk euch danké.

Goethe.

The Imposter

(Continued from page 8)

On April 1, 1918, he received a second letter from Cartwright—

"My dear Carter,

"Am leaving for home. Will arrive May 16th. Go on with preparations for my wedding. You see, I trust you entirely.

"Sincerely,

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT."

Billy was so relieved that even Nanette saw the change. "You're more like your old self, Billy," she remarked.

May 16th arrived at last, but no William. That night Billy's face was haggard. "Of course he will come tomorrow. He must. I can't marry

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Nanette! She's a good pal but I don't want to marry any one."

Days passed and still no William. Nanette busy with dressmakers and shopping had no time to notice the dreadful change in Billy. He was a bundle of nerves. If a pin dropped, he jumped.

"I'm no coward, but I can't marry Nanette," he would say over and over to himself. "Surely tomorrow—"

On the fateful 20th of May Billy lost all hope.

"Cartwright said if he was not here tonight he would be dead. Well, I've got too marry her now. I can't tell the poor girl I'm not her fiancé, and then say that he is dead. And scandal," he groaned. "I can see the papers now—"

"Imposter Jilts Society Girl on Eve of Wedding."

And so Billy sat, in the depths of despair.

Time passed swiftly as time will, and the day of the wedding arrived. Billy was slowly dressing, the most weebegone bridegroom imaginable. "A martyr" he was murmuring to himself.

"Well," said a cheerful voice from the doorway. "You look happy." It was Cartwright.

Billy rushed madly to him and hugged him. "Are you real?" he demanded. "Thank heaven that the ball and chain is to go around your ankle, and not mine. Here, old man, put on these clothes quick. Your wedding is at noon."

While he dressed, Cartwright told Billy of his last adventures:

"I delayed longer than I should have in starting home. I took passage on a whaling schooner which was wrecked on the coast of Labrador, near a port called Hopewell. I then took passage on a trading vessel bound for Boston, but the boat was put in quarantine for a case of yellow fever. I know this sounds like a dime novel, but Fate has always been kind in giving me adventure. I bribed my way off the boat, jumped overboard, one night, when the deck was clear, and swam two miles to shore. From there I took the first train south, and here I am. Believe me, I will be glad to settle down for a time, but luckily Nanette likes travel too."

Cartwright gave Billy a check for twenty-five thousand for "services rendered." He refused it at first but Cartwright insisted that he take it.

"You've got to. It has been worth five million to me. Well, I'm sorry I can't introduce you to my bride. What are you going to do with yourself?"

"The 'wanderlust' has struck me, and I'm off to see life. So long, Cartwright."

"Good-bye, Carter," and Cartwright hurriedly dressing, heard the heavy front door bang as his double went out of his life forever.

Peter

(Continued from page 10)

wrapped the man went for the doctor. Then followed a long week of battle between life and death for the possession of a golden haired, white faced lad in a great old fashioned bed. For Peter had had pneumonia and the measles. But life won and Peter entered on his convalescence, waited on by Aunt Madge and Grandma and entertained by a tall and very happy young man.

"Say, Mother, ain't it funny 'bout Aunt Madge. That day I tied Mr. John's dog an' her cat together an' Mr. John cut 'em loose when they was fighting 'round Aunt Madge's head talked to him like he was a naughty, bad, boy like I was an' he looked like he was mos' froze. But Mama, when that elephant got off o' me and I opened my eyes an' asked Auntie if she was goin' t' shut me up again, she jus' put her arms 'round his neck and her head on his shoulder. He liked it lots 'cause he put his han' on her head t' keep it there. 'Nen one night ist 'fore I came home I came down stairs an' they was on the porch but I couldn't see anythin' o' Auntie but the top o' her head an' one of 'em was making a awful funny noise. Say, mama, what does a wingbearer haf to do to weddin's?"

The Four Winds

(Continued from page 12)

and leave their land in peace. In accordance with its promise the dragon left immediately.

Singing, the south wind skipped gayly back to the wind cave and told the good news. There was great rejoicing among the winds that day and the little spring sang and sang, and the echoes laughed with joy. When the winds had tired of feasting and dancing they rested quietly on the cliff in front of their cave, and listened to Mother Earth as she unfolded her plan for the future.

"My children," she said, this day you have proved your powers and now you are each to have a kingdom of your own. West wind, I will give to you that kingdom that lies in the land of the setting sun. North wind you

shall have dominion over that land far to the north which is lighted by the beautiful Aurora Borealis. East wind, henceforth your home shall be in the far east where the sun is wont to rise. Gentle south wind to you will I give the kingdom of beauty and happiness which lies to the south under the tropical sun. On the morrow you shall go to your various kingdoms and once a year you shall return and visit me. But you must come only one at a time and in the order in which you went to try your power on the dragon."

And so it came about that the visits of the winds to Mother Earth were called "seasons" and each season has a different effect upon the world. To this day the winds continue to pay their annual visits to good Mother Earth.

The Ghosts of the Kremlin

(Continued from page 11)

ed bearing torches, and took their places on each side of the door way. Two more followed, and then four more. These men waited, grimly silent, for what seemed an eternity. The American glanced for the first time at his comrade, who meeting his glance, whispered with a smile,

"Always ready for a joke. They're doing it well, aren't they?"

Immensely relieved, the American turned to watch the pageant.

There was a sound of ringing steps outside in the corridor, and two men entered. One, a priest, wore an Archbishop's mitre, and advanced slowly to his place. The other, whose step they had heard, was a gigantically made man, in German armor. As he appeared all the priests bowed low, and at a sign from him, two of them left the room. Once more the American turned toward his friend, whom he found staring with a puzzled frown at the man in armor, who was waiting silently, his gaze fixed moodily on the ground. The two priests soon returned, bearing between them the form of a man, which they placed on the stone bench.

One of the watchers, at least, felt a thrill of horror as he looked. The form was that of a young man with a handsome, dissipated face, crowned by a mass of curly hair. The face and the half-naked body were covered with fresh, horrible scars, the shoulders were bleeding from the knout, and both arms had been broken on the wheel.

The secret trial began; the wounded man gasped a word now and then in answer to a question, but it was evident that he had little strength left. The discussion grew more and more

heated as the victim protested that he knew nothing more, and finally refused to speak. The tall man in armor sprang upon him and grasped his throat.

There was no mistaking the reality of the convulsion that shook the body of the wounded man. Czecski, his face pale as that of a corpse, his eyes blazing with horror, and fury, sprang ward drawing his sword, which, Cossak-like, he always wore, and struck in a sort of frenzy at the mailed figure. The blade encountered no resistance, and Czecski fell forward, striking his head on the stone bench. The American cried out in English and started toward his friend when the strange figures suddenly disappeared and the room was plunged into darkness. He heard a wild, laugh, then fell to the floor unconscious.

Ten hours later, the two of them were found by Prince Troubetski, who had himself headed the searching party. Czecski was just coming to. The blow on his head had been deadened by his cloak, which he had flung on the bench on entering the room, and with his greater elasticity of temperament he had recovered from the mental shock more quickly than his companion.

Mechanically he rose to his feet, saluted his commander, sheathed his sword, and picked up his cloak. He was startled to find it stained with blood. He put his hand to his head where it had been struck, but there was no wound. Still in a daze, he followed the others through the dreary corridors, up the damp stairs, and out of the palace. When they emerged into the sun light, the stains on his cloak began to fade, and in ten minutes had entirely disappeared.

When the American regained consciousness, he was in bed in his own room of a hotel in the suburbs of Moscow, and the young Cossak was seated beside him. When he saw that the other was awake, he related the story of the blood-stains.

"If it were not for that," he said, "I would think that we dreamed or imagined the whole thing. As it is, I can only think that what he saw were partly materialized forms. Real enough to make the blood that flowed from the wounds of one visible for a short time, but unreal enough to vanish when badly torn, as from my sword-thrust. They may have been directed by the spirits of the people they represented, or by the elemental spirits of Nature. Look out of the window, there at the acropolis. There are the gold domes of St. Saviour's Cathedral; it is said to be haunted by the ghost of the "Gentle Tzar;" there

are the gorgeous domes of St. Basil's; while in the hall outside the Grand over whose body it was erected; there is the haunted Church of the Nativity, and beyond is—the Palace of the Kremlin!"

He sallied out one fair evening,
To call on his fair young miss,
And when he reached her residence
this.

like
stairs

up
went

He
Her father met him at the door,
He did not see the miss,
He will not go there any more,

He
went
down
stairs
like
this.

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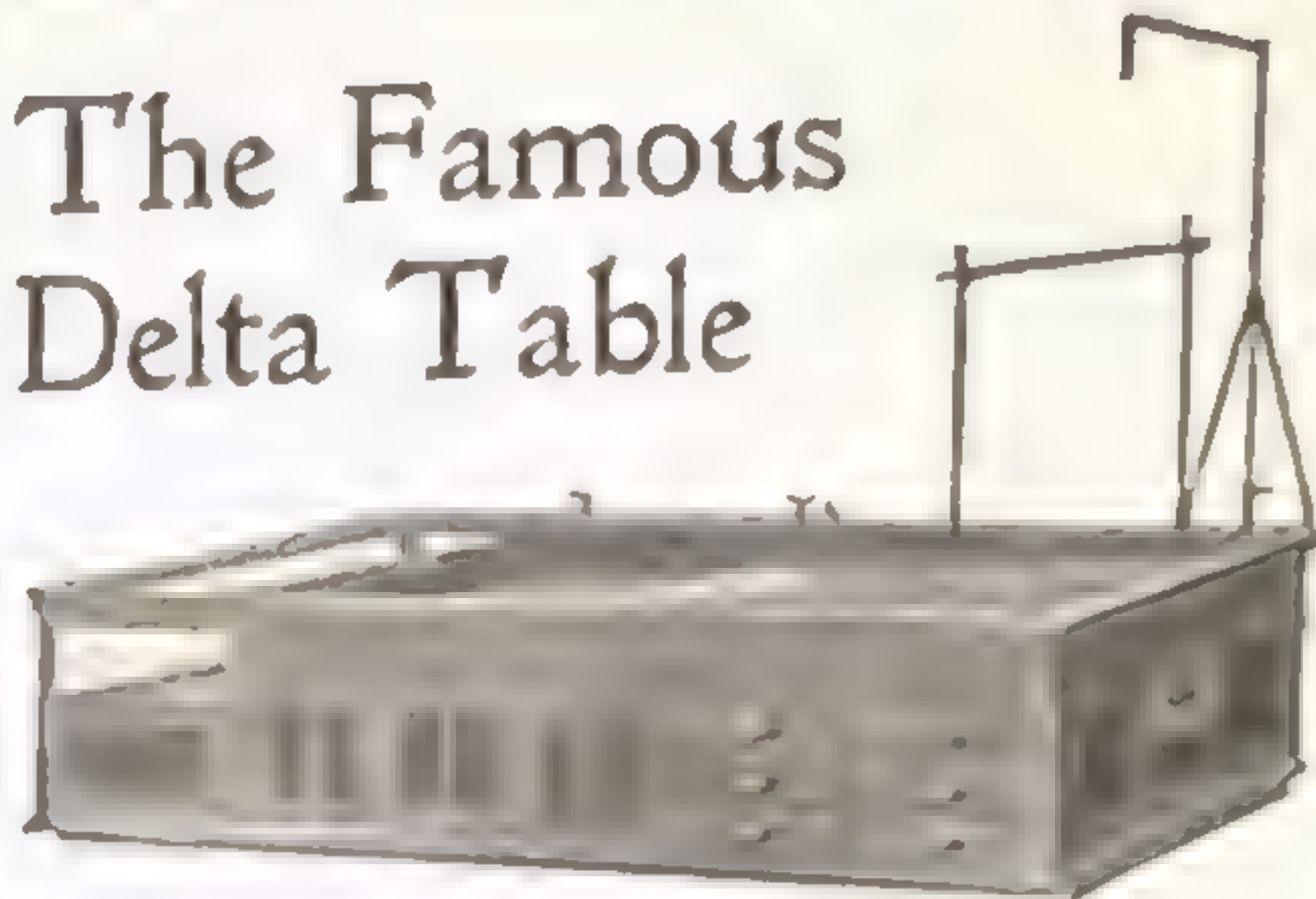
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